TUG

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/72885046.

Rating:
Explicit

Archive Warning:
No Archive Warnings Apply

Category:
M/M

Fandom:
Boots (TV)

Relationship:
Isaiah Nash/Nicholas Slovacek

Characters:
Isaiah Nash, Nicholas Slovacek

Additional Tags:
Timeline What Timeline, Period-Typical Homophobia, Forced Proximity, Rival Sex, Hand Jobs, Verbal Degradation, just a little

Language:
English

Series:
Part 1 of SlovaNash

Stats:
Published: 2025-10-21 Words: 3,186 Chapters: 1/1

TUG

by 2fargon3

Summary

Neither of them can take a fucking breath without the other knowing about it. Maybe this was all a normal thing, in the military. All that alpha posturing, profoundly *male* conversations about *fucking* and *nutting* only to end up like this, with a hard prick and nowhere to put it.

Just a: what if Instructor Howitt tied Slovacek and Nash together like John and Cody?

Notes

In canon Slovacek takes it down a notch after Nash stays, but I like him sassy. Hope this isn't too ooc. Enjoy!

The first day of bootcamp is harder than they thought it would be, although most of the recruits seldom show it.

Each had their reasons. For being there, for not wanting to be. The head buzzing was hardly the toughest part about all this. Yet as tufts of hair piled up on the floor, blonde, brown, coily, and got trampled under countless pairs of sneakers, only then Isaiah felt like his fate was sealed. He signs away his beaten up Nikes and wallet and autonomy with no intentions of seeing them again anytime soon.

"Who the fuck brings his wallet to the Corps?" The guy behind him in line chuckles as he hands it over.

"Someone planning on buying loads of tittie magazines," somebody else chimes in. For a half second Nash expects the clerk to hand him a roll of quarters for the five in his wallet, like they do in the can.

Snapshots of the day flicker before his eyes as he stares up the dark ceiling: that batshit drill surgent screaming in his face as he gets off the bus, like a broken toy repeating the same programmed message. Reading off the sign above the telephone. Someone throwing up dinner in the hallway trash bin looking up at him, teary eyed.

He rubs his head against the lumpy pillow. That's it, no use. He blocks out the noise of some momma's boy sopping his pillow a few beds away and tries to sleep.

The next days unfold faster than a precious roll of TP. Throwup guy ends up sleeping in the bed across from him and when Slovacek tries to back him into a wall, Nash defends him, not thinking anything of it, but it seems to spark up some odd infatuation by the way he eyes Nash in the showers.

"Seems kinda faggy, no?" Slovacek catches up to him during laps and speeds up with Nash. He jerks his chin towards Cope's skinny back two rows ahead. "Might try to come onto you."

"Whatever, man. You're worse than a southern housewife."

"Yo, I'm just saying. He came into the showers couple nights ago while I was in there. Middle of the fucking night, what are the odds? We

gotta --"

"There is no *we* man, its just me, then you. Get off my dick, you got a weird crush on me or something?"

"Wait, now you're setting the competition for real, Apollo," Slovacek ignores the latter half of his sentence and spins 'round to face him. He continues running backwards, bumping his elbow into a recruit who sees him and runs off. He buffs nothing but the sweat on his brow, a reflexive gesture left from his civvy days. He came in with hair like Keanu Reeves' which he was obviously quite preoccupied with, although Isaiah seriously doubts he knew who that was.

"An imaginary one," Nash exhales measuredly and adds, "mostly because you'd never win."

"Slovacek! Quit the ugly Micheal Jackson act and straighten up!"

Frankly, Nash doesn't really mind the attention from Cope. Not because he shared the sentiment, but he was harmless, and there were worse people at camp to be observed by; like those who barely went into the showers at all, or those who dreamt up conquerer fantasies before they're even done with bootcamp. Slovacek was blind to his own ego. And yeah, maybe Nash does plays into it a little but if observation's all that it is, he could live with it.

Slovacek's groan reverberates through him with how hard they're pressed together.

Its hard to get a full breath in with the crushing manner he clings to his shoulders in. He fights dirty like the trash that he is, probably has a knife he had to part with when he first came in. His breath puffs wetly against Nash's clavicle before he gets a leg under him and flips him onto his back. They go down in a mess of tangled limbs.

"Let go of my fucking shirt," Nash hisses and his collar loosens. He rises victorious, rubbing sand off his palms and feeling like a boss for about two whole seconds when a sharp pain kicks through his shin

like he just got mauled by a donkey, and he nearly faceplants.

Slovacek is on him in a second, with the same bearhug around his chest like he is trying to steal the life out of him. He's totally caged in; Isaiah hears the shrill sound of the surgent's whistle echoing in the yard, the yelling and above all, the cocksure panting in his ear, *all cock no balls*, which only serves to fuel his indignation into white hot fury.

"You -- *f'cking ape, its over* --"

Snarling into the sand, Isaiah wraps his aching leg around his rival and uses the momentum to whip his head back so hard he hears a crack. The weight is lifted.

He drags himself to his elbows, panting. Slovacek is starfished on the sand, coughing up bloody bubbles and mouthing something meant only for him.

Oorah.

Nash snarls but Mckinnon is on him before he can land another blow. "That is not training!" He screams at them both. His palm crushes Isaiah's shoulder, the slow blooming pain in his leg easily forgettable. "That right there was dirty tricks, which should only be reserved for a real enemy." He squeezes his bicep. "Recruit Nash fought well."

They're hoisted onto the truck and Nash spits sand at his feet. "I still bested you. You couldn't take me when my back was turned away, so you can't take me."

Adrenaline seems to wear off the rogue bastard slower than other people, because his answer is a smug gurgle.

"S'not. Over."

Knocking him on his ass did little to stop Slovecek from trying to formalize his little one sided rivalry, even after the incident with his book.

He fucked up. He can admit that much. At times it felt like doing middle school all over again, only this time the shitters were open so

he couldn't even enjoy the solace of a far stall and tuck himself away until he was ready to face the world again.

Those lapses barely diminished Mckinnon's favoritism, which he has a funny way of showing: making him run laps until his laces broke, reminding him he is replaceable, making him read his thoughts out loud and using it as leverage. Isaiah never asked for a mentor to see him through his bullshit, or for tough love, or whatever favor the surgent thought he was doing him by floating him up whenever anything happened. The regret made his chest ache.

His parents were right, they always were; from the fucking start he knew he has made a mistake. At the range he tried to throw his hat and call it but Mckinnon, like in a final test of discipline, placed another future in his hands.

If you UNQ, he UNQs.

If he didn't care, what kind of person would that make him, personally signing Slovacek's sentence? Nash has heard enough stories from the guy's mouth to realize what washing out meant for him. It was basic hoodrat evolution. Worse thing was that if the roles were reversed he knew Slovacek wouldn't give a shit. He told him as much and the asshole didn't even try to deny it- just looked at him, like he was slowly accepting his fate. In a way it could have been a mercy. *Shit*, who was he to play god? This place was supposed to be every man for himself but now he couldn't even gloat at something that once might have brought him satisfaction.

Fuck Angola, Fuck his bio, and fuck Mckinnon. It couldn't get any worse, but he'll get through this.

Slovacek throws his head back in tantrum and Nash grunts when the momentum pulls him backwards. "Trust, its way worse for me then it is for you."

"You're holding me back."

"Man," he watches Hicks fold over Santos' pugil stick and tumble onto the ground, then stick his ass out in the air to scattered laughter. "You were clingier than head lice way before this stupid rope."

Only a sadist like Howitt could conjure up these abuses.

"Wasn't enough for him, killing Ochoa," Slovacek scoffs and cracks his knuckles. They were both exhausted from firewatch which they had to wake up for twice in the same night, despite now being conjoined and supposedly one person, and Isaiah's head felt like a dented can from sleeping on one side all night long. "Now he's trying to finish us off too." Another pair of recruits step into the ring and fasten the straps under their chins.

Saving Slovacek's ass was becoming a thankless job.

He gives the rope a tug that takes the brute by surprise. "Quit whining like a little girl. Howitt could still make this rope shorter but knocking you on your ass again would make it worth my while."

"Shit-talker talking, put it in your diary," Slovacek says as the rest of the guys cheer around them. *Kill!* "I broke my nose four times, its nothing new to me. Rocky comes back around, y'see, the second you look down at somebody you get crushed."

Isaiah fastens his chin strap. "As long as its not by you, bitch."

They get used to having to do everything together once the humiliation wears off. Training, climbing, shitting. But once the stuffy, static outside air they've suffered all week long charges thunder and rain starts pouring, it become borderline unbearable again. Because now they're locked in, and *locked in.*

"See, you're learning to work around your differences," Ray says positively once they finally work out a method to changing their sheets. The whole thing was purposed to make them get along. "Soon Howitt'll let you off the leash."

"Not this rabid dog," Slovacek whispers miserably as the man himself turns his back. "He made it shorter. And you said it couldn't get any fucking worse."

"Y'know, I hear upstate's sunnier." Nash comments to shut him up. He uses slightly excessive force to lead them around the rest of the day.

"Nash. *Nash.*"

"What," he grunts, face screwed up groggily. The hall is still dark. Its the middle of the night. Slovacek's breath moves from the back of Nash's neck to the side of his face.

"We need to get up. Now."

"We on schedule?"

"Uh, no."

The hesitation in his voice is enough to alert Isaiah. He makes a move to turn when Slovacek clasps his shoulder. But not before he can *feel* the damn reason for his sleep deprivation.

"Shit."

"We have to go to the bathroom, like right now."

Isaiah groans and they slowly dismount the creaky mattress.

"What the hell, man, right now?" He berates the recruit as they creep under the red glow of the emergancy lights and slip behind the bathroom door.

Slovacek seems torn between wanting to puff out his chest and folding into himself. His dick is a little more than a steady half-chub on his left leg. Nash admittedly feels a little out of his depth with this. He tries not to think of the obvious question.

"Hicks said they've been putting, this uh, *salpetre* in our food but it won't go down, swear. Usually I'd get up to take up to take care of it but you're always there." The rambling makes the situation feel surreal. Slovacek stirrs angrily at the lack of response. "What, should I have tugged it with you in the bed then? How would that look?"

"*This* might look even worse," Isaiah wipes a palm over his face. He could handle angry Slovacek. But an embarrassed Slovacek... a small, ugly slice of his soul wanted to take this and run with it. "Whatever, its not that big of a deal. Just-- get it done."

He takes a deep breath and faces the door.

"Can you --?"

"Howitt will know if we untie ourselves," Nash cuts.

Nash can hear the rustle of clothes. He feels the lightest of tugs on the rope. Its quiet for a few long moments as he stares at the door.

"Sorry."

"Just get on with it."

More rustling. Tugging. A faulty faucent. Knuckles clicking. What time was it?

Slovacek's throat clicks, loud in the silence. "Can't."

"You can't? You dragged me all the way out here, so fucking tug it," Isaiah hisses and imagines tying this rope around Slovacek's cursed dick so tight it withers and falls off. The pillow-creased side of his face tingles in the airy bathroom.

"I already apologized, what do you want me to do?"

Nash's head swivles around so fast he nearly gets whiplash, and he stops. Because Slovacek looked so fucking *frustrated*, clenching and unclenching his hands by his sides in an absent gesture, and his boxers were still tented. Nash huffs.

"We're not going back to sleep like this."

"Shit."

"Seriously, Why are you acting all shy maiden over this, man? D'you cry when you nut or something?"

That's cruel, he tells himself. But he's so tired. Now is not the time for Slovacek to drop his act. It pulls on his side of the rope when Slovacek's ribcage expands. Neither of them can take a fucking breath without the other knowing about it.

Maybe this was all a normal thing, in the military. All that alpha posturing, profoundly *male* conversations about *fucking* and *nutting* only to end up like this, with a hard prick and nowhere to put it. Nash had tucked away that brief moment of candor between the two of them and thought of it no more.

You can throw is all away. Me, I got nothing.

He thought him to be gone, yet there he was again. The boy scout

behind the bully. Nash takes a step towards him.

"Tell me what you need to get it done."

Slovacek peaks up. "What the fuck?"

"Don't. You're hard." He pulls at the rope harshly and the recruit stumbles inelegantly. "Its just a tug," he says as the other eyes him, caught between anger and disbelief.

He backs Slovacek into the space-efficient urinals in two large strides and pins him there, with a thumb pressing into the dip of his throat.

The brute hisses at the touch of metal to his bare thighs. His hand flies up and digs bruises into Isaiah's shoulder, but he doesn't otherwise fight it. His pulse flutters like its something trapped under his skin.

"So I could get some sleep." Nash intones.

Its no wonder he couldn't. The cotton does little to hide his discomfort. Nash could feel the whole shape of his prick, fat and twitching once he digs his hipbone into it, and the swell of his balls resting against the seam. Nash presses his face against his own collar. That seems to do it; Slovacek tears at his shoulders as they tresspass together, letting go of all plausible deniability. He jerks against Nash and bites back a rough sound. His hand slams into the urinal.

"Be fucking quiet," Isaiah hears himself say. He crowds into his space and fists the rope to pull Slovacek's hips forward, effectively forcing an arch in his back over the drop. "Be quiet or I'm dropping you in piss."

The fatigue and the flare of deja vu add to the surreality of the situation-- Isaiah tries to keep his hips slanted away, but Slovacek hooks a leg over until he has to right himself. His breath catches and he bites back a groan.

"All these, dick measuring contests," he hisses. "And I'm *still* the bigger person."

The head of his dick smears against the cleft of Slovacek's balls, all throbbing like a motherfucker, and he gives a slow, dirty grind -- looking down he can see Slovacek's stomach trembling, knuckles turning white where he grips the edge like a lifeline.

A wash of heat surges through him and Isaiah hangs his head from

how good it feels, steady friction on his cock making it hard to break away. His own collar becomes damp as prespiration grows, as Slovacek keeps puffing those little choked grunts against his clavicle everytime they rut into each other.

Nash digs his hand between them and under the cotton, fits his fingers around his twitchy cock. He presses his thumb into the weeping head and squeezes.

"You know what I think?"

Slovacek hitches his hips to shove into his hand. He's needy. Gloating about it wouldn't make any sense, they've all seen each other's dicks, but his next words still ring as true.

"I think that's why you dragged me out here, to find out," Isaiah grunts directly into his ear. His words reverbarates through them both and he almost misses the *whine*. His brain stutters with shock and fear but neither of them stops.

"They'll hear," Nash grits out and makes a ring to spread the wetness over his dick, smearing the foreskin up and down. Someone'll be making the rounds soon. Slovacek pumps his hips all sloppy, like he's thinking about *fucking*, about nothing but *fucking*. Nash thinks of nothing but the door starts existing again. His knee knocks against the metal as he fucks the back of his own hand.

"They already know you always need me to save you, *even need me to do this for you because you're not man enough to do it yourself --"*

His breath hitches when his head is whipped forward and he barely catches their weight. He winces as their foreheads knock together but Slovacek just holds him there, panting, pressing icy fingers into his scalp and not even doing anything, and the added sensation gives the minorly creepy impression that Slovacek is somehow trying to figure out the best way to crawl up into him before he hangs his head again. Isaiah feels like clay.

"Fuck," Slovacek grunts into his collar for the first time. He sounds lightheaded. He clings onto Isaiah's shoulders bruisingly. Their pace goes irregular, then sloppy -- Isaiah bites back a groan as he spends himself, going near silent in hot, unadulterated pleasure. Slovacek stifles his sounds in his shoulder and Nash fits his hand over his dick in time to catch most of it.

He cleans his hand and helps Slovacek back on shaky legs. It seemed

like a trick of the light earlier but his skin was flushed down his collar.

"Shit," he leans back on his arms and Nash feels a light tug. He forgot about the stupid rope. "You're an asshole. Thanks, man."

"Sleepy yet?"

"Yeah," Slovacek scoffs and absently buffs his brow. A beat. "I meant for all of it."

Nash shrugs and adjusts himself with a grimace. "Yeah, okay. Zip it up when you're done with it."

Slovacek mutters something about prime cannon fodder in god's America and only just seems to realize how uncomfortable Nash is. "You got any clean boxers?"

They creep into the hall a little before two and he dresses in the dark. The flash of the Watch's light through their window nearly gets Slovacek caught, but no one sees them.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!